THE

Bonny SCOT:

OR,

The Yielding LASS.

To an Excellent New Tune.

This may be Printed, R. P.

As I late at my Spinning-Wheel,
[illegible]nny Lad there past'd by,
[illegible]round, and Lik'd him weel,
[illegible]e had a Bonny Eye:
[illegible]anting gan to feel,
[illegible] Spinning-Wheel.

Wo'd gracefully he did appear,
As he my Presence did draw near,
And round about my Reeder Waste,
He clasp'd his Arms and me imbrac'd;
To Kiss my Hand he down did Kneel,
As I late at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and small,
And said there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
Those pleasing words my Heart did steal,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his love the more,
Until my Heart was wounded sore;
That I my love could scarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonders Mead;
My panting Heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopt and gaz'd and blithly said,
Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,
But if thou go to the Hay-Cock ga.
I'le learn thee better Work I trow;
Good Faith I lik'd him passing weel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly bas'd his Parnet oft,
And sweetly kist my Lips so soft,
Yet still between each honey Kiss,
He urg'd me gain to farther Bliss;
'Till I resistless fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of hay,
Then with my Bonny Lad I lay,
What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
It far surpast the Spinning Wheel.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Pye-Corner*.